
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1822.

MISS EDMISTON.

MISS EDMISTON, the lady who has lately made so considerable an impression in 'tragedy, at Drury-lane Theatre, was born in Dublin, in the year 1801. She remained in Ireland but a few years; her father, an artist of great respectability, having yielded to the solicitations of some of the first type-founders in England, to prosecute his profession in this metropolis.

Our young heroine, at the proper age, was placed at a respectable seminary, where she gave early proofs of an active and intelligent mind, and very rapidly acquired a proficiency in music that astonished both her parents and instructors. She also displayed great taste in painting; but her chief delight, as soon as she could appreciate the merit of dramatic composition, was an incessant application in perusing the best authors, and, at a very early age, she often delighted her friends with occasional recitations and readings. If the old proverb, "*Poeta nescitur*," be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, we can make the same illusion to the professors of the stage: tuition must improve, but cannot create talent.

It was not till the early part of last year that this lady fully determined on trying her powers on the stage, a resolution which was for a time strongly opposed by her parents, who, however, finding her predilection unconquerable, at

length thought proper to permit her to consult Mr. Foot of Drury-lane Theatre on the subject. This gentleman immediately recognized her talent, and predicted that her success would be certain. On his own responsibility and risk he undertook to qualify her for the task ; and to his care she was accordingly entrusted. His mode of ascertaining his pupil's ability was not by hearing her in any play which there was a possibility of her having seen, and consequently of bringing her under the trammels of imitation ; but he entrusted her with the study of a character in a play which had never been acted, and her conception, as well as execution of it, answered his most ardent expectations. He next availed himself of the opinions of several literary and dramatic friends, who universally augured the most favorable result from her intended appearance on the stage.

Miss Edmiston was therefore speedily introduced to Mr. Elliston, who acknowledged her dramatic powers, and suggested the play of Jane Shore for her first attempt ; but the lateness of the season, as well as the state of the tragic department of the theatre at that period, determined her friends to postpone her appearance to a more favorable juncture. This occurred on the return of Mr. Kean from his transatlantic tour, to whom she was introduced by Mr. Foot, and under this gentleman's liberal and friendly auspices she made her *début* in Jane Shore, on Friday, 14th December last, and to give every possible attraction to the revival of that tragedy, and encouragement to our young novice, that gentleman kindly performed the part of Lord Hastings. Miss Edmiston's success was so unequivocal, that she repeated the character on the following Monday, and the managers were so convinced of her extraordinary powers, that on the succeeding Wednesday she appeared in Lady Macbeth. The best proof of her merit in this part will be ascertained by her having repeated it six times.

The other characters which she has since played, are Belvidera, Cordelia, Theodora, in a new tragedy, and Elvira ; in each of which she has added to her reputation, and we are only sorry that her talents have not more frequently been called into action. But we trust, that the rage for spectacle and pageant is on the decline, and that this lady will be per-

mitted to contribute her share to the restoration of legitimate drama.

In person, Miss Edmiston is of the middling stature; her features are of the most pleasing cast, and her eyes very expressive. She is of a truly amiable disposition, her manners gentle, and her whole deportment so truly modest, that we may be permitted to express a hope, that she will long prove an ornament to the stage, and a pattern of female virtue.

SELECT SENTENCES

FROM OLD ENGLISH AUTHORS.

It is the disease of kings, of states, and of private men, to covet the greatest things, but not to enjoy the least: the desire of that which we neither have nor need, taking from us the true use and fruition of what we have already. This curse upon mortal men was never taken from them since the beginning of the world to this day.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A frugal man will live comfortably and plentifully upon a little, and a profuse man will live beggarly, necessitously, and in continual want, whatever his supplies be.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Be satisfied and pleased with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

COWLEY.

BAD men are often the greatest adepts in excuses. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in Winter, and too heavy in Summer: it behoves us to take care of Jupiter."

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF " MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 134.)

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, has wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

TIME glided away ; and as the anxious mother watched the gradual developement of her Guthlac's disposition, her fears daily increased as to the line of life which he would ultimately pursue. Though gentle, affectionate, and tractable, he was impetuous, daring, and possessed of a spirit which seemed to acknowledge no restraint. Quick in resentment, yet equally prompt in forgiveness, a trifling offence would excite the first, but the slightest mark of contrition would secure the latter. Disdaining every competitor in whatever he undertook, no danger could intimidate nor any difficulties deter him from the pursuit of an object which he had once resolved to follow. In his wildest moods, however, the tearful remonstrance of his mother would prevail, and though he would often sigh at the disappointment which was the necessary consequence of a compliance with her desires, he never persisted in opposing her, nor expressed in any after action how much his obedience had in reality cost him. By every endearing device he endeavored to cheer her when he saw her melancholy, and never had the heart of this fond parent occasion to sigh for the loss of one mark of affection which it was in his power to shew. In his person, he was singularly gifted with every grace of nature ; tall, and equally elegantly as powerfully formed, he was superior to every boy of his own age in strength and height. His black hair curling in ringlets round his fair brow, gave animation to his bright complexion, while his full dark eyes sparkled with all the intelligence of a noble mind. He had been carefully educated in all the learning of the times by the venerable abbot himself, to whom he was almost as dear as he was to his mother ; for though his impatient spirit occasionally but ill brooked the necessary restriction imposed upon him, the natural docility of his disposition

usually prevented any expression of discontent; and as the good man watched the struggles between duty and inclination that often manifested themselves in the speaking countenance of his pupil, he loved him the more for these proofs of self-command and correct principle.

The idea that he was intended for a monastic life had been early implanted in his mind, and every precaution had been taken to prevent him from forming any wish inimical to the views of his mother. Of the profession of arms he had been allowed to hear little, and that little was portrayed to him in a distorted view; the world itself was represented as a scene of immorality, of rapine, and misery, while a life of seclusion was described as the ultimatum of earthly happiness. With the exact circumstances of his father's death he was totally unacquainted; he was merely informed that he had perished on the field of battle, and as every recurrence to the melancholy event never failed to excite the liveliest emotions in the breast of his mother, his curiosity was repressed, and he forebore to make those enquiries which under another situation he would have done. Although the abbot generally sought to repress the fears which sometimes obtruded themselves on the mind of Tetha, as to the future pursuits of her son, he was not entirely devoid of apprehension himself, and the following circumstance, trifling, indeed, in itself, tended in no small degree to give strength to them.

One lovely morning in Spring, Guthlac had been for some hours engaged in study with the abbot. The sun shone brightly on all around; the massy walls reflected the meridian splendour, and assumed an appearance of cheerfulness; the apartment alone in which he was enclosed remained in its usual gloom, or probably seemed to gather additional darkness from the contrast which was displayed without. The attention of the youthful student had insensibly become abstracted from his employment; he was seated in the window, and for a length of time he had been entirely engrossed in watching the movements of a large and beautiful bird of the falcon species, which was sporting in the boughs of the stately oaks which grew near the monastery. On a sudden a linnet pursued by a kite flew past him; the eyes of Guthlac sparkled with animation when he saw the falcon rescue the little

trembler, and with a beating heart and heightened color he watched the issue of the contest which immediately ensued between the deliverer and the disappointed spoiler. To his great delight, the former was completely victorious; having driven its opponent away, it returned to its station still closer to the window, where it sat for some minutes proudly pluming itself; then taking wing it soared to a great height, and was soon out of sight. Guthlac pursued it with eager eyes till it disappeared; and when he could no longer discern it, an involuntary sigh escaped from his bosom.

The abbot in the meantime had no less attentively observed the varying countenance of his pupil. "Guthlac," said he, "I think I can read the meaning of that sigh!" Guthlac started, and turned his glowing face towards him. "You envy," said he, "yon bird the liberty it possesses." "No, father," returned the blushing boy, "if I cannot promote the happiness of another, I will never envy that which is enjoyed already. I sighed, it is true, for I could not help contrasting the difference of our situations; and my wonder was excited that our species should remain in inactivity when all others that I see have space given them for the exertion of their talents, which exertion Nature itself seems to demand. You tell me, father, that man is superior to every other part of the creation, why then do we remain here in useless ease?" The abbot glanced over his enfeebled form. "You, indeed," continued Guthlac, understanding the meaning of his look, "are incapable of much labor, for age has damped the powers that you once possessed; but it is not so with me: are not these limbs (and he arose as he spoke) formed for action? Beats not my heart as warmly as yonder bird's which I have just beheld, or is my courage less than his? Why may I not imitate his example? Why may not I defend the weak against the attacks of the powerful? Saw you not how noble he looked, when he returned a conqueror, and how proudly he soared even to the very heavens? There are oppressed beings among our own kind, you tell me; but can their cries reach us here? or is man the only animal that is denied the exercise of those feelings which glow so warmly in my breast, or am I different to my species? Oh! father, it cannot be—there is a world beyond these walls, and in that world qualities like those

that I have just admired must be as necessary and as worthy of performance as those I witness here."

"My son," replied the abbot, "the world you mention is a scene of delusion, danger, and difficulty, in which too many imbibe the fatal error which now deceives yourself. The qualities which have excited your admiration are those which are least deserving of your imitation, as they form the lowest degree of that superiority which is our boast. Courage and activity, man shares with the brute, and they teach him, like the brute, to prey upon his kind—the exercise of his intellectual powers is at once his privilege and his boast—this, this alone distinguishes him from every other creature: this ensures him dominion on earth, and an inheritance in heaven. And where, Guthlac, can this precious blessing be so properly cultivated as in the calm of these hallowed walls. Learn, my beloved boy, to distinguish between the false glare which would conduct you over the slaughtered remains of your fellow-beings to fancied glory, and that pure, but steady light, which, kindled by principle, and supported by self-denial, springs, indeed, from earth, but rises in celestial brightness to Heaven. He who rules above delights not in blood and strife: the thunder roars, the sea trembles, the mountains shake; but Omnipotence is heard only in the calm; His footsteps are only known by the blessings that accompany them. Look, my son, at yon innocent lamb, which a perversion of sentiment alone has induced you to disregard; is not its mildness, its innocence, its content, more worthy of the imitation and applause of a rational being than the fierce qualities of yon aspiring bird?" He fixed on Guthlac an enquiring glance; unable to withstand the penetrating look, the latter threw his arms around the venerable form of his preceptor, and while he hid his glowing face from his observation, he exclaimed, "The lamb, my father, is a fit emblem of yourself; I love, I reverence the picture; but, nay do not frown," and he clung more firmly to his bosom, "the bird alone is the object of my emulation. Call me not disobedient, rash, or ungrateful, but might I," added he, suddenly withdrawing himself from the abbot's affectionate embrace, and throwing himself into an attitude equally expressive of meek supplication and passionate ardour, "might

I but be permitted to signalize myself as the defender of my suffering brethren; might but my arm be the avenger of the injured, and the support of the oppressed, I would desire no other happiness; in like manner then should I soar above all meaner spirits, and while my deeds were known on earth, my fame should reach to Heaven!" He hid his face in his hands, but the tear that stood on his glowing cheek did not escape the notice of the abbot. He sighed, and mildly but firmly replied to his passionate exclamation, "Guthlac, you must learn to conquer ideas and wishes like these; for they are vain as they are impracticable. It is not in the power of man to restrain oppression, and he who takes upon himself to avenge one injury, generally inflicts others of equal or greater severity; and while he is ostensibly the defender of his fellow-creatures, he eventually proves a destroyer and a scourge, and individually derives no other satisfaction than the empty bubble of a name, which is but poorly balanced by the malevolence of the envious, and the neglect of the ungrateful. Yes, dear child of my hopes, you would wake the whirlwind but to reap the storm, and would exchange comparative bliss for certain disappointment, if not positive misery. Learn then to value the blessings that surround you, and remember that a blameless example is the surest benefit to mankind, and a name without reproach the truest dignity you can obtain." Guthlac attempted no answer; but the abbot read in his eloquent countenance that the reasoning which he had too much modesty to oppose, had, nevertheless, failed in its effect; however, from motives of prudence, he determined to avoid all further conversation on the subject, and not to add to the danger by ill-timed remonstrances.

Guthlac had now obtained his fourteenth year; in the mean time nothing had happened to mark the period beyond the usual occurrences incidental to such an age, and in such perfect seclusion had his mother hitherto lived, that even the most common events of the times were scarcely known at the castle. This tranquillity, however, was now about to be interrupted, and war was once more brought into her own domains.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 200, Vol. XIV.)

Henry IV. of France lost the fruits of the victory at Coutras, because he could not suppress the desire he had of going after the battle, to visit the Countess of Guiche, with whom he was greatly in love.

HENRY IV. the model of kings, was brought up from his infancy in troubles and misfortunes. At the age of fourteen he bore arms, and sustained the fatigues of war; and was exposed to the greatest dangers at the battle of Moncontour. On his return to Paris, he saw his friends assassinated around him, and remained three years a state prisoner. When released from confinement, he endured hunger, thirst, and new inquietudes continually. All the fury of the Roman Catholics against the Lutherans fell on him; and he escaped their pursuits merely by his resolution, prudence, and invincible courage.

Five thousand men whom he had rendered courageous by his example, planted themselves about his person, to defend him from the attacks levelled immediately at him. The Duke de Joyeuse, at the head of eight thousand men, went in quest of him. Henry, too heroic to fly, firmly stood his ground, viewed with contempt the enemy drawing up in order of battle, and opposing valour to superiority of numbers, he rushed into the midst of a shower of darts which were aimed at him, overthrew all before him, and made a passage for the main body of his troops into the army of the enemy. Every thing gave way to the prowess of Henry and his soldiers. The Duke de Joyeuse in vain endeavored to rally his dismayed forces; he perished in the fruitless effort. Some of his men who had escaped the sword of the conquerors betook them-

selves to flight, and by the terror of their countenances, proclaimed the victory of Henry in all the places they passed through. This prince, however, had the weakness common to almost all heroes; he loved women to such a degree as to forget when with them his interest and his glory.

After the victory of Coutras, he could not suppress the desire of appearing victorious before the fair Countess of Guiche, and of paying her the homage of his laurels; so that instead of pursuing a terrified enemy, and going to meet the Swiss and German troops who were in march to join him, he dismissed his army, went where love called him, and thereby gave time to the Duke of Guise to levy an army, with which he defeated the Swisses and Germans at Haneau, and thereby restored the confidence of the Roman Catholic party.

Cæsar, after the battle of Pharsalia, neglected his interest and his glory by staying with Cleopatra. He gave his enemies time to resume their courage and strengthen their forces.

Great men have the same passions, the same weaknesses, and are guilty of the same errors as their inferiors.

The Marshal d'Ancre complaining that M. de Luines, who occupied an apartment in the Louvre over his, made too much noise, and wanting him to remove elsewhere, M. de Luines was so provoked with the Marshal, that he destroyed both him and his wife.

Concini, the son of a notary of Florence, and husband to Eleonore Galigai, daughter of a joiner in the same city, gained such an ascendancy over Mary de Medicis, to whom his wife was foster-sister, that he regulated her affections, aversions, and desires, according to his own will. In vain Henry IV. endeavored to persuade his wife to send Concini away; the latter by his wicked counsels occasioned divisions in the royal family. The intreaties of the king served only to increase the affections of Mary for the Florentine, who every day invented new methods of prejudicing the queen against her royal consort. Henry, however, carried his complaisance so far, as not to exercise his authority in removing from court this dangerous Italian, who was styled the Marquis d'Ancre.

The hand of a parricide deprived France of this great

king; and Mary of Medicis was declared regent of the kingdom, during the minority of Lewis XIII. Concini now saw himself master of the state. He was made a Marshal of France without having seen the army, and minister without knowing the laws of the kingdom. Honors and dignities rendered him insolent, as is usual with those who from low birth are raised to grandeur. He treated even princes and dukes with haughtiness. Discontent united all the nobility of the state against him; but the queen's favor secured him from their resentment; and all their efforts to humble him were ineffectual. But how astonishing it is, that this man who had withstood the most violent attacks, was demolished by one who appeared incapable of doing him the least prejudice. This was Charles Albert de Luines, a gentleman of the country of Avignon, who was introduced to a familiarity with Louis XIII. by breaking wariangles to catch sparrows. The Marshal d'Ancre, in order to make him his creature, had given him the government of Amboise, and an apartment in the Louvre over his own: but the means he had used to make him a friend contributed only to make him an enemy. Albert de Luines, who ought to have had a regard for his benefactor, frequently interrupted him in his business, and disturbed his sleep by the noise which he made over his head. The marshal having complained to him many times, but in vain, at length threatened to make him quit his apartment at the Louvre. Albert de Luines, affronted at his menace, resolved on the destruction of the marshal: to effect which, he began with insinuating to the young monarch when he was one day amusing himself with his wariangles, that being upwards of sixteen years of age, he was capable of taking the reins of government in his own hands, and that he ought to shake off the yoke which his mother and Concini had imposed on him. The young king, who was disgusted at the severity with which the queen and the minister treated him, relished this advice, and discovered that he was quite disposed to follow it. De Luines, perceiving that he lent a favorable ear the first time, returned to the charge, and at length prevailed on Louis XIII. to consent that the Marshal d'Ancre should be put to death. Vitri, captain of the guards, being charged with this cruel business, shot Concini with a pistol in the Louvre.

Immediately the guards were taken from the Queen Regent, and she was kept prisoner in her apartment, and afterwards exiled to Blois. The body of Marshal d'Ancre was buried under the gate of St. Germain l'Auxerroies. But the populace went thither, dug it up, and dragged it about the streets.

To the disgrace of humanity, this fury was not confined merely to the mob; persons of distinction were also accomplices in this shocking treatment. A commission was sent to the Parliament to condemn the memory of the marshal, and to judge his wife. All her crime was the being the queen's favorite. She was asked what charm she had used to bewitch the queen. The woman, provoked at this unreasonable question, answered—"My witchcraft was no other than the power which sensible minds have over those which are weak." This answer is now admired, though at the time it was considered as the offspring of effrontery. The marchioness was condemned as being guilty of witchcraft, judaism, and malversations. The sentence seems rather a proof of her innocence; she was, however, burnt at the Greve.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT,

FROM THE QUIZZICAL GAZETTE, APRIL 1st, 1819.

Lost, yesterday morning, between Petticoat-lane and Leg-alley, a black stuff ridicule, containing three potatoes, an onion, a love-letter, a scrag of mutton, (uncooked), a pocket-handkerchief much used and worn, a brass wedding-ring, a farthing's worth of matches, two bad shillings, a keepsake, and two pawnbroker's duplicates, (one for a Welch-wig, the other for a pea-green whittle). Whoever has found it, and will bring it with the contents to Miss Maria Mary Ann Mops, No. 903, Nightingale-lane, East Smithfield, shall be handsomely rewarded.

P. S. If offered for sale, or pledge, please to stop it, and send notice as above.

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. IV.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WHEN Sir Walter's first poem appeared, it will be remembered, that it was hailed as an era in poetry. The originality of his style and the fertility of his imagination were the themes of admiration in every circle. Scott was upon every tongue; and the frigid blasts of the north were supposed to be the only encouraging Zephyrs to the "hot-bed of Genius." But when a little of this fervor had subsided, critics discovered that this new luminary had, like others, a few specks. Still he continued producing with *then* unparalleled rapidity poem after poem, with the reward of an extended, though an ephemeral, fame, and the more solid one of an ample remuneration. Thus did he continue "lord of all below," in poetry, till Lord Byron came into notice; and then poor Sir Walter's quartos were "consigned to the tomb of the Capulets," or perused by the periodical scribblers, to bring them in an invidious comparison with the works of his more popular rival. To repay the effort of genius, by the manifestoes of popular approbation, and to encourage its exertions for the future, by rewards for labors past, is just and reasonable; and had the applauses bestowed on this individual in any measure kept pace with his deserts, we should, indeed, lament, more deeply than we do, that his works should be forgotten or neglected. But so extravagantly was he admired, so bepraised, and befashioned (if I may be allowed the term) that a very little foresight might have decided whether his fame would stand the great test—time. The truth is, though novelty may for a while delude, sterling merit alone can win and wear the praises of the public. On perusing any poem from the pen of Scott, we are struck with his forcible descriptions, fidelity of picture, and power of language; but do we seek for intensity of feeling, beauty of imagery, or deepness of sublimity, we find him wanting. No modern poet indulges so much as Sir Walter

in what is termed poetic license, and which is in fact a bad excuse for rugged measure, bad diction, and worse rhymes; passages like—

"Of pilgrim's path by demon *crost*,
Of sprightly elf, or yelling *ghost*."

• • • • •

"For those thou may'st not look *upon*
Are gathering fast round the yawning *stone*."

• • • • •

"While her mother *did* fret, and her father *did* fume."

occur continually in the course of his poetical works.

"The Lady of the Lake*" is, perhaps, his best production; the mind is enchanted by his descriptions, and the heart throbs for the sufferings of the guileless Ellen. Scott, perhaps, is the first poet who has drawn his heroine with jetty locks; sunny hair and blue eyes have been so immortalized in verse, that he was a bold man who dared deviate from the beaten track. But thus says Scott—

"With locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

• • • • •

What tho' the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which short and light,
Had dy'd her glowing hue so bright,

* However foreign to my subject, I cannot help adverting to a rich dramatic treat I once witnessed at the Dublin Theatre, when this poem was dramatised; this was done, however, by preserving Scott's lines entire, only dividing and allotting them to the different speakers as described by him. The heroine was represented by Miss O'Neil; and if she did not give an accurate idea of the "dark-eyed maiden" he has drawn, she was assuredly as beautiful a *fair* one as ever paddled a wherry. Miss Walstein (her then rival) was Blanche; Conway (in the zenith of his fame) was Fitz James; and Sowerby (a gentleman well-known on provincial stages, and who supported the first line of parts at Drury-lane, about the time of Kean's first appearance) was Roderick. No stage could boast of performers more calculated for their respective characters. The piece was a great favorite there for a long period.

Serv'd too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
 E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head
 Elastic from her airy tread.
 What though upon her speech there hung,
 The accents of the mountain tongue,
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The listener held his breath to hear.

And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing;

And every freeborn glance confest
 The guileless movements of her breast,
 Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh."

Here we have a lady with sunburnt cheeks, black eyes, raven locks, and, above all, a northern dialect;—rare materials for the heroine of a romance! but yet so skilfully has he used them, that the hand of art could hardly improve the beauty of the picture.

The descriptive is undoubtedly Scott's *forte*; yet the reader will acknowledge the simple pathos contained in Fitz James's lamentation for his steed—

"I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed—
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That cost thy life, my gallant grey."

Nothing can exceed the energy of the whole of the Third Canto (the gathering). We see the sacrifice made in the rudeness of barbarian bigotry; we race with Malise on his woeful embassy; the coronach melts on our ear, and our hearts despond with the sound. Had Sir Walter never written another line, "the gathering" alone would have been sufficient to hand his name down to posterity. Over this

manly, this energetic poem, many a heart will throb and swell when the writer lays cold in death, and his praises will be resounded when his ear will no longer hear them, or his soul rejoice at them.

In the Fourth Canto nothing can be more touching than the commencement of the song of the heart-broken Blanche—

“ They bid me sleep, they bid me me pray—
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung,—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.”

The cool-minded brutality of Red Murdoch, the death of Blanche, and Fitz James' revenge on her murderer, are all admirably described. The fierce contest between Roderick Dhu and his monarch, and the conclusion of this poem, are excellently designed and executed. They must always be perused with delight; and, indeed, at the period I before alluded to, (i. e. when Scott's fame was in the zenith) large parties were continually made to visit the beautiful scenery so powerfully described in *The Lady of the Lake*.

Marmion may fairly lay claim to the second rank in his productions. More *prosy* than *The Lady of the Lake*, it is more regular in its form; with less matter of important interest, it has a proportionate quantity of bustle and incident. The introductions placed before each canto are, however beautiful in themselves, of considerable injury to the thread of the tale. The melancholy fate of the hapless Constance is finely described; and the feeling of the judges happily caught and depicted, as—

“ E'en in the vesper's heav'nly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian's rocks in answer rung;
To Wentworth cell the echoes roll'd—
His beads the wakeful hermit told;—
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot fell,
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Then couch'd him down beside his hind,
And quak'd amid the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.”

His "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is a tissue of strange ideas, clothed in uncouth metre, and only occasionally relieved by those emanations of genius with which his other poems abound.

His "Lord of the Isles," though superior to the last-named, is far inferior to either *The Lady of the Lake*, or *Marmion*.

Judging from the number of lyrical pieces this writer has interlarded into his works, it would seem he imagined this to be his forte; if so, he has very much mistaken his talents: very few of his songs are beautiful,—many are absurd. It is no disgrace to a very excellent poet to say he is a bad song-wright. It is a peculiar branch of poetry—Shakspeare failed in it most egregiously, and why, without disparagement to his talents, may not Sir Walter? We do not mean to dispute the fact, that there are many excellent old songs; but we do affirm, that the art has only arrived at its summit within the last twenty or thirty years; and the national bard of Erin has done more towards perfection in this branch, than any writer we can call to mind. The *Coronach* in *The Lady of the Lake*, and his "Where shall the lover rest?" from *Marmion*, however, are both beautiful. The four following lines in "*Young Lochinvar*" are elegantly written—

"The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye."

The last line, by the bye, seems something like a plagiarism from Moore's lines—

"There under the bower on roses you lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye."

but as I do not know the date of Moore's ballad, he may possibly be the borrower.

I shall quote one more song, which for pathos and simplicity is, perhaps, unequalled—

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary!"

To-morrow-eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now,
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promis'd me, Mary!
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When burst Clan-Alfoine on the foe;
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!
 For if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blithely will the evening close!
 How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

Sir Walter, being afflicted with the mania of book-making, has attached long, tedious, and unnecessary notes to his poems: tales of fiction that would be laughed at in a nursery, are preserved with a care and precision truly ridiculous. It would rather seem, as if he had left the selection to some injudicious hand, for many of the anecdotes are cited as probabilities, that the credulous, would hardly reckon among the "*possibilities*." A rather inordinate love of clime, "a fault," as Armstrong says, "on the right side," and a love of chivalrous literature, are peculiarities of this poet. I do not wish to bring him in immediate comparison with Lord Byron; but as what he wants in genius he compensates in morality, and as his failings in the force, are gained in the fidelity of his descriptions, perhaps a comparison *on the whole* might resound to his advantage.

Much has been said by the literary world on the subject of the Scotch novels, and whatever disquisitions may have taken place, I believe they have all terminated in consigning the authorship to the subject of this article. As to the ab-

surdities that have been promulgated, that Lady Scott and Sir Walter's brother were the authors, as they have merely originated in conjectures, or arisen from false conclusions drawn from idle and casual enquiries from ignorant domestics, they are unworthy of notice. Indeed, what was said by Johnson of Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," applies equally here. "If we do not attribute them to him with all their glowing passages, picturesque scenes, and beautiful imagery, *to whom are we to attribute them?*" The same nationality, the same powers of description, the same love of feudal lore, and ancient legends, are in his poems, and, we venture to say, *his novels*. The same faults too pervade them, with this difference, however, that his novels are much superior in their line of literature, than any that have ever appeared in this country; and who will say as much for his poems? Did his fame rest only on the latter, it might be transitory; but his novels will be handed to the admiration of after ages, as glaring monuments of his powers. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that he has drawn many of his principal characters from persons now living, and occupying high stations in this country and his own. We do not mean to justify his thus dragging forth the vices of his (query, *friends*, and) acquaintances to public obloquy and disgrace; but, perhaps, this may account for the author of the admirable novels yet remaining unknown, at least unavowed.

LAVATER.

A TRAVELLER shewed Lavater two portraits; the one of a highwayman, who had been broken upon the wheel; the other of Kaut, the philosopher. He was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the highwayman; after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," said he, "we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinctive synthetic lips, and analytic nose!" Then turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaimed—"The calm-thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comment."

MARIAN MELFORT;**A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.***(Continued from page 156.)*

A THOUGHT now struck me that it would be most prudent to conceal my knowledge of this visit until I should hear in what manner he would account for his absence. I accordingly hurried home, put my little boy to bed, and taking up a book, endeavored to divert my thoughts from dwelling too intensely on a subject so painful; but vain were my attempts to rivet my attention on any other. Every step that sounded beneath my window, caused my heart to palpitate violently, and when at length I heard his well-known rap at the street-door, I flew down with breathless eagerness, and, in a voice choking with the contending emotions of anger and joy, demanded where he had been, and what had detained him to such an unseasonable hour. Whether it was that my unusual manner of asking these questions, or any secret consciousness of error operated to put him on his guard, I could not then determine; but, instead of giving me a direct answer, as he had always done upon similar occasions, he merely gave me a look of resentful surprise, and walked up stairs without making any reply. "You must have had some very pressing engagement, Melfort," said I, pointedly, "to make you so unmindful of my comfort; I have not been used to such neglect." "So much the worse," he replied, coolly; "perhaps custom will reconcile you to it; at any rate your resenting any little failure of punctuality on my side, will not make things better, or render home more agreeable to me." "But where have you been?" "Suppose I do not choose to tell you?" "Then I shall, perhaps, suspect that you are ashamed or afraid to tell me." "You are suspicious already." "If I am, your reserve will not make me less so." "Neither would my communication remove your doubts; therefore, I prefer being silent." "Suppose I know already?" "Then there is no occasion for your enquiring." The deliberate ill-nature of his answers provoked me beyond forbearance. "I know," said I, angrily, "that you have

spent this evening with Mrs. — ; can you deny it?" He affected to laugh. "I have no intention of the kind; and if I have, why should it displease you?" "It cannot please me to find, that you prefer the society of any other female to mine." "Oh! is that all? well, perhaps I do not; but circumstances may occur to make a man's conduct a little dubious; but I would advise you, Marian, to smother all injurious suspicions as they arise, or, believe me, you will only make a pillow of thorns for your head. Mrs. — is a very good friend to us all, and for Rosa's sake you must be circumspect." "She has been very good to the child, I allow," said I, sighing; "but, perhaps, that is upon your account." "Nonsense!" cried he, peevishly, "you make yourself quite ridiculous." Fearful of irritating him by further animadversion at that time, I suffered the subject to drop; but the general change in his behaviour too soon convinced me that my suspicions were not without foundation. Mrs. — called upon me occasionally, and was profuse in her expressions of kindness, and forced upon me a number of presents which I would have rejected with disdain, but for the significant looks of Melfort, who, whenever he perceived any coolness in my manner towards her, never failed to overwhelm me with reproaches as soon as she was gone. Ardently as I was attached to him, I could not but feel a certain degree of contempt for his present conduct, as I was now persuaded he was trifling with my happiness, as much through motives of interest as attachment to the object; for I still credulously believed his regard for me to be fixed on too firm a basis for even her blandishments to shake; but in this I was unhappily mistaken, and my eyes were only opened to the dreadful truth, when I found he had abandoned me and my helpless infant to revel in luxury with the vile object of his criminal attachment. Destitute, friendless, as I was, I had still the consolation of reflecting that no unkindness on my part had driven him to such an act of daring infamy; but, alas! even this consolation was insufficient to bear me up against the shock which a conviction of his unworthiness gave to my harassed mind and impaired constitution. I lay for several days in a state of mental and bodily imbecility, when my landlady, unknowing what course to pursue, sent to Mrs. Crawford a faithful ac-

count of my situation. That excellent woman, (never before did I know her real worth) hastened to my assistance, called in the best medical aid, and as soon as I could be removed with safety, had me conveyed to her own house. She was then a widow; a circumstance of which I was, till then, ignorant; and deep was my anguish, when she cautiously informed me of the circumstances of my father's death. "But fear not, my poor Marian," she said, kindly pressing my hand, "the hour of sorrow and suffering is now come, and you shall find in me a second parent. I know that in early youth your prejudice against me operated too forcibly to admit of my rendering you any permanent service; but now you will listen to the voice of admonition, now you will not turn a deaf ear to the counsel of a true friend. You may probably, even now, recollect the surprise you felt when upon your first introduction to me, I ventured to hint in the presence of your governess, that all your vaunted accomplishments were, in my opinion, insufficient; and has not the event justified my assertion? Ah! Marian, believe me, the superstructure raised on the weak foundation of mere accomplishments, can never stand against the rough blasts of adversity; it is true, you have struggled against privations and hardships; you have conducted yourself with more prudence and circumspection than I expected; but still something more is wanting; you fixed all your hopes on worldly objects, on earthly felicity, and those hopes were wrecked; your views were never directed to a higher object. You have lived without religion; you have consequently lived uselessly and unprofitably; and the gloom of despondency encompasses you, because you feel not the invigorating solace of faith and hope. I am no religious enthusiast, my dear; but in this hour of affliction I would call your attention to a subject of importance to all, and more especially to those who, like yourself, have hitherto suffered this world to be the boundary of their wishes and expectations. But we will discourse more fully on this another time. I will now tell you why your father made no provision for you, though I exerted all my influence to persuade him to such a measure, this was his constant reply to my entreaties—'I am not implacable; I feel as a parent injured in the most tender point; yet, willing to forgive and

receive a penitent child to my arms, could I behold her return to me truly such; but I know she has not yet awakened from the delusion in which her senses are lulled. She imagines the dream of romantic love will last for ever; and any pecuniary aid from me would only afford temporary relief. Should a period arrive, and such, I make no doubt, will sooner or later be the case, when the present idol of her foolish heart shall appear in his true colors, then will I open my arms to shelter the poor lost one. I may not live to see the day; but I leave you with full power to act for me, and I feel satisfied that you will conscientiously fulfil my intention in this particular.' Ah! Marian," she added, "that period anticipated by your, perhaps too strongly prejudiced, father has arrived; and upon me devolves the melancholy office of obeying his injunctions."

I had listened to Mrs. Crawford with feelings of deep humiliation and awakened interest. Her words made their due impression on my mind; I felt that I had, indeed, lived uselessly and unprofitably, and looked back on my short, unthinking career with shame and remorse. From that hour, aided by the pious exhortations and judicious advice of my maternal friend, I began a new course of life. Yet some lingering ties clung to my heart; my Rosa claimed a mother's sigh. Ignorant of her fate, dreading the early perversion of her morals by the contagion of vicious association and improper example, I felt upon her account only a lingering wish for prolonged existence. Through the medium of the public prints, I learnt that Melfort was performing at Liverpool, and, with the permission of Mrs. Crawford, I summoned up sufficient resolution to address him, and to solicit as a favor the restitution of my child.

(To be continued.)

LORD NELSON.

WHEN a very young man, Nelson found himself much piqued at not being noticed as he had expected in the newspapers of the day, which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a Gazette of my own." How well he kept his word the annals of his country will testify.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE COURT OF FULLEH ALI SHAH, KING OF PERSIA.
******EXTRACTED FROM SIR ROBERT KER PORTER'S TRAVELS IN THAT COUNTRY.*
—————

THE royal procession made its appearance. First the eldest sons of the King entered at the side on which we stood; Abbas Mirza taking the left of the whole, which brought him to the right of the throne. His brothers followed, till they nearly closed upon us. Directly opposite to this elder rank of princes, all grown to manhood, their younger brothers arranged themselves on the other side of the transverse water; and as they were marshalled according to their age, I recognized my little travelling companion in the last. They were all superbly habited in the richest brocade vests and shawl-girdles, from the folds of which glittered the jewelled hilts of their daggers. Each wore a sort of robe of gold stuff, lined, and deeply collared with the most delicate sables, falling a little below the shoulder, and reaching to the calf of the leg. Around their black caps they too had wound the finest shawls. Every one of them from the eldest to the youngest wore bracelets of the most brilliant rubies and emeralds, just above the bend of the elbow. The personal beauty of these princes was even more extraordinary to the eyes of a traveller, than the splendor of their dresses; there was not one of them who might not have been particularised anywhere else as most eminently handsome. A fine line of features, large dark eyes, full of lustre, graceful stature, and a noble mien, made them, indeed, an object of admiring wonder in themselves.

At some distance, near the front of the palace, appeared another range of highly-revered personages; mollahs, astrologers, and other sages of this land of the East, clothed in their more sombre garments of religion and philosophy. Here was no noise, no bustle, of any kind; every person standing quietly in his place, respectfully awaiting the arrival of the monarch. At last the sudden discharge of the swivels from

the camel-corps without, with the clangor of trumpets, and I know not what congregation of uproarious sounds besides, announced that his Majesty had entered the gate of the citadel. But the most extraordinary part of this clamour was the appalling roar of two huge elephants, trained to the express purpose of giving this note of the especial movements of the great King.

He entered the saloon from the left, and advanced to the front of it with an air and step which belonged entirely to a Sovereign. I never before had beheld any thing like such perfect Majesty; and he seated himself on his throne with the same indescribable unaffected dignity. Had there been any assumption in his manner, I could not have been so impressed. I should then have seen a man, though a King, theatrically acting his state; here I beheld a great Sovereign feeling himself as such, and he looked the Majesty he felt.

He was one blaze of jewels which literally dazzled the sight on first looking at him; but the details of the dress were these: A lofty tiara of three elevations was on his head, which shape appears to have been long peculiar to the crown of the great King. It was entirely composed of thickly-set diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, so exquisitely disposed, as to form a mixture of the most beautiful colors in the brilliant light reflected from its surface. Several black feathers, like the heron-plume, were intermixed with the resplendant aigrettes of this truly imperial diadem, whose bending points were finished with pear-formed pearls, of an immense size. His vesture was of gold tissue, nearly covered with a similar disposition of jewellery; and, crossing the shoulders, were two strings of pearls, probably the largest in the world. I call his dress a vesture, because it sat close to his person, from the neck to the bottom of the waist, showing a shape as noble as his air. At that point it devolved downwards in loose drapery, like the usual Persian garment, and was of the same costly materials with the vest. But for splendor, nothing could exceed the broad bracelets round his arms, and the belt which encircled his waist; they actually blazed like fire, when the rays of the sun met them; and when we know the names derived from such excessive lustre, we cannot be surprised at seeing such an effect. The jewelled band on the right arm was called

"The Mountain of Light;" and on the left, "The Sea of Light;" and which superb diamonds the rapacious conquests of Nadir Shah had placed in the Persian regalia, after sacking Delhi, stripping Mahomed Shah, the eleventh emperor of the Moguls, of his dominions, and adding to Persia all the provinces of Hindostan, north of the Indus. In the horrible spoilation of the Mogul capital, which took place hardly eighty years ago, upwards of a hundred thousand Indians were massacred; and the treasure transported thence to Persia is computed to have been worth sixty million tomauns; but no part of it was so highly prized as these transcendent precious stones. Here again we cannot but recall the observation, that the character of a sovereign, in most cases, has that of his people, politically speaking, in his hands. Let us remember what the Swedes were under Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus; what Russia was under Peter the Great and the Emperor Alexander; what Persia was under Cyrus, and even groaning beneath the yoke of this monster, Nadir Shah; and what may it not become under a race like this of Fulleh Ali Shah, when a merciful and liberal mind, attempering the severities of war, would attach countries and people its empire, which ambition, blinded by ignorance, thinks can only be maintained by making the conquered land a desert.

The celebrated throne which Nadir Shah tore from under the Mogul emperors was not brought forth at this festival; that from which Fulleh Ali Shah viewed his assembled subjects, was better suited to the benignant nature of the meeting than such a trophy. That was gorgeous with Indian magnificence, and, might we not say, red with the blood of its defeated princes! This was a platform of pure white marble, an apt emblem of peace, raised a few steps from the ground, and carpeted with shawls and cloth of gold, on which the king sat in the fashion of his country, while his back was supported by a large cushion encased in a net-work of pearls. The spacious apartment in which this simple seat of Majesty was erected is open from the roof of the building nearly to the earth, on the side opposite to the assembled people; and supported in front by two twisted columns of white marble, fluted with gold. The interior of the sa-

loon was profusely decorated with carving, gilding, arabesque painting, and looking-glass; which latter material was, in a manner, interwoven with all the other wreathing ornaments, gleaming and glittering in every part from the vaulted ceiling to the floor. Vases of waxen flowers, others with rose-water, &c. were arranged about the apartments; though they could scarcely be seen, from the close ranks of the very young princes, who crowded near their royal parent.

While the great King was approaching his throne, the whole assembly, with one accord, continued bowing their heads to the ground till he had taken his place. A dead silence then ensued; the whole presenting a most magnificent, and, indeed, awful appearance; the stillness being so profound, amongst so vast a concourse, that the slightest rustling of the trees was heard, and the softest trickling of the water from the fountains into the canals. As the motionless state of every thing lasted for more than a minute, it allowed me time to observe particularly the figure of the Shah. His face seemed exceedingly pale, of a polished marble hue; with the finest contour of features, and eyes dark, brilliant, and piercing; a beard black as jet, and of a length which fell below his chest, over a large portion of the effulgent belt which held his diamond-hilted dagger. This extraordinary amplitude of beard appears to have been a badge of Persian royalty, from the earliest times; for we find it attached to the heads of the sovereigns, in all the ancient sculptured remains throughout the empire.

In the midst of this solemn stillness, while all eyes were fixed on the bright object before them; which sat, indeed, as radiant and immovable as the image of Mithrus itself, a sort of volley of words bursting at one impulse from the mouths of the moullahs and astrologers, made me start and interrupted my gaze. This strange outcry was a kind of heraldic enumeration of the great King's titles, dominions, and glorious acts; with an appropriate panegyric on his courage, liberality, and extended power. When this was ended, with all heads bowing to the ground, and the air ceased to vibrate with the sounds, there was a pause for about half a minute, and then his Majesty spoke. The effect was even more startling than the sudden bursting forth of the Moullahs;

for this was like a voice from the tombs, so deep, so hollow, and at the same time so penetratingly loud. Having thus addressed his people, he looked towards Captain Willock, the British Charge d'Affaires, with whom I stood; and then we moved forward to the front of the throne. The same awful voice, though in a lowered tone, spoke to him, and honored me with a gracious welcome to his dominions.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

.....
 Heroic virtue wears the simplest guise.

SIR,

THE other day I was struck with the following anecdote from Voltaire:—"Le vaisseau que montait le Chevalier de Lordat, était prêt à couler à fond à la mer des côtes de France—il ne savait pas nager; un soldat, excellent nageur, lui dit de se jeter avec lui dans le mer, de le tenir par la jambe, et qu'il espere longtemps nagé, les forces du soldat se epuissent, Mon. de Lordat s'en apperçoit l'encouragement, mais enfin le soldat lui déclare qu'ils vont jérir tous deux; "et si tu étois seul?" "Peut être pourrais-je encore me sauver." Le Chevalier de Lordat lui lache la jambe, et tombe au fond de la mer."

This surrender of the principle of self, in behalf of another sufferer in the same peril, is applauded by the historian as one of the most magnanimous instances of true heroism that history affords. What then must be the melancholy pleasure of the writer of this letter to have it in his power to parallel this disinterested act of the French Chevalier, with an exactly similar instance in our own country, which happened during the severe weather this present Winter, on the river Thames!

James Keene, a fine young man of about nineteen years of age, had been long the just hope of his parents, a respectable couple, living in the village of Long Ditton on the banks of the Thames. His father was a proprietor of barges, as

all the family have been for many generations back, carrying goods up and down the river between London and Hampton-Court, opposite to which latter place lies the pretty village of his birth. Two of the worthy old waterman's sons assisted him in this traffic; the eldest of whom was James; a lad not only respected on the river for his activity in business, and his scrupulous honesty in all money concerns, but for his readiness to lend a helping hand to the old watermen, whose strength and dexterity at times failed them at difficult reaches. He was also a handsome youth, and every where celebrated for the cheerfulness his good-humour always diffused; also for his dancing and his songs, at the seasons of Easter and Christmas. Perhaps, in humble life, there never was a young person who possessed so wide an influence over every heart, from the gentry who hired his father's barge for customary freightage to the lowest people employed about it. "Nothing was too difficult for *Jem* to master." "Nothing would be done, if *Jem* were not there to help, and make merry with the work." But vice never polluted his gaiety, nor a profane word his language. Yet (such are the trials of faith and submission in this probationary state!) this exemplary and amiable youth perished on the terribly-blowing night of Thursday, the 20th of December last, by the sudden upsetting of his little vessel in the river Thames.

He and his brother, a lad of about seventeen, were the only persons on board. The barge was laden with fifteen chaldron of coals for their native village. The night was perfectly dark, as well as boisterous; but the two brothers had managed to get her on as far as Putney-bridge without any fear of her safety; when James, noticing the extreme coldness of the night, told his brother they must now throw out their anchor, and moor till morning. "Then, Swansey," said he, "you shall make a fire, and I will get us a little tea to comfort us; after which, my lad, I'll sing you to sleep with my new Christmas-carols!" of which he had a bundle in his pocket, to prepare, as was his yearly custom, to sing them at his parent's fireside on Christmas-eve. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a squall took the sail, the vessel was upset, and the brothers were precipitated into the turbulent stream. The younger alone could swim; but in the natural struggle to preserve life, James for awhile

kept also tolerably up in the water, both brothers clinging to each other, hallooing for assistance, and encouraging each other. Nothing but the tearing winds answer to their cries; and beat back by the strength of the wave, and bewildered in the darkness, at last poor Swansey, exhausted by fruitless exertions, began to feel himself sinking; and finding his brother's hand about his leg, while both were faintly calling for help, he almost unconsciously exclaimed—"Oh! Jem, don't hold so fast, or we shall both be drowned!" James instantly left go, and must have instantly sunk to the bottom; for the poor boy the moment he was extricated, felt about to catch his brother again, and called to him; but no answer was returned: and, melancholy to relate, not five minutes afterwards, in consequence of their last cries having aroused assistance, the exhausted and agonized survivor was taken from the water.

He was brought home to his afflicted parents in a state that hardly would admit of comfort; and six weeks after this sad Christmas of tears, when the waters had subsided, the body of poor James was found only a few hundred yards from whence he went down. Exactly on the same day of the week as that on which he was lost, his remains were followed to the grave by his parents, and all the watermen, young and old, on both sides of the river; for there was not one of them who had not some story to tell of Jem's goodness. His coffin was laid on the breast of his mother's brother, who had perished in the Thames about thirteen years before; young James Keene being in fact the sixth of the family who had lost their lives on this river, while pursuing with industry and content the honest vocation in which they were born.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

I REALLY think there is no human species living so ungrateful as man. Can you possibly inform me how us poor females can in any shape please them? Here am I, a prudent maiden, bordering on the old maid's list; a stay-at-

home; no gadabout to balls and plays; no novel reader of any trash, but all select; a despiser of all frivolous amusements. I spend my time in primitive simplicity, regularly attending on my church, not leering and staring about, like modern flirts. Throughout the week plying at my needle to keep things in order, and can occasionally make a dumplin. Dear Mr. Editor, do you not think these are qualifications sufficient for a young female to get a husband, if the men were as prudent as us? You may think when you read this Epistle that I am a very plain person; you will see your mistake when I give a sketch of my sylph-like form. Rather below the middle size, my face long, with lank black hair, sunk black eyes, (I have heard them called staring saucer eyes); nose rather on the hook, with chin nearly meeting; mouth wide enough to put a penny roll in; form corresponding with my features. Feet and ancles exquisitely turned; legs quite substantial, rather too thick, I own, but that defect petticoats hide.

I am always drest in the medium of fashion, considering that the best. When walking out to inhale the balmy air, sure to be admired by your sex, if not by my own; but what signify that if none offer. Money would be no consideration with me, if he was a perfect gentleman. Now, dear good Mr. Editor, do not let me be thrown quite in the back ground: pray give me your most excellent advice; for I am certain you must know something of men and manners. If you will insert this, with your advice, in your Ladies' Monthly Museum, I shall indeed be most grateful, showing me the reason why coquettes and gadabouts get husbands before us prudent maidens, having two friends in the same predicament as myself, only one being much marked with the small-pox, cannot be reckoned so handsome as myself; but amiability of temper and manners certainly are far before beauty. If you insert this in your Museum, some correspondent may take a fancy to my portrait. As I am a regular reader of your Museum, you shall hear from me again upon a most interesting subject, if you do not let this sink into oblivion. I wish to give no offence, so shall certainly take none let your advice be ever so candid.

March, 1822.

ANGELICA ALEXANDER.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

TALES OF MY AUNT MARTHA : containing THE LAIRD, a Scottish Tale; THE SISTERS, an English Tale; and THE CHATEAU IN LA VENDEE, a French Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. Fearman, London.

IN the Introduction to these Tales, we have some account of Aunt Martha herself. "It is certainly true," as she observes, "that a story is better relished if you know something of the individual who relates it"—an observation that is fully exemplified in the present instance; for from the account she gives of herself, we are prepared to receive her narratives with partiality. The first tale presents an accurate description of Scottish manners and character: the Laird himself is, perhaps, too faultless; but, upon the whole, we consider the story as amusing and well written, and one which does great credit to the talents of the amiable author. The second tale, that of *The Sisters*, exhibits a natural delineation of true characters in life. As some extracts from these volumes may prove interesting, we subjoin the following, which is taken from General Mortimer's advice to Lord Beverly, respecting honor, as it regards a gentleman entering into an engagement to marry a lady at some future time, and the fulfilment of his promise; and no doubt our readers will be as much pleased with it as we were ourselves.

"And now, my lord," said he, "that I am willing to agree to look upon you as my future son-in-law, allow me to say a few words to yourself in the way of advice. You have very often, to my knowledge, supposed yourself quite as much in love as you now think you are with my daughter. I am willing to believe that you are incapable of acting a dishonorable part, either towards me, or towards a child of mine. But, perhaps, we may differ in our ideas as to what is strictly honorable; under such an engagement you may possibly think, that returning at the appointed time and marrying Harriet, even if your affection has changed from what it now is, would be the only honorable course for you to pursue; I am of a very different opinion; for if,

either before the time comes, or when your promise ought to be fulfilled, you feel that you cannot in faith and truth lay your hand upon your heart and say, I prefer Harriet Mortimer to any other woman living, I should think your conduct much more dishonorable in ratifying the engagement, than if you were to own the truth, and put an end to the whole business for ever: and it is only upon your pledging your word to me that you will act in this manner that I can enter into the engagement at all."

Not less just and interesting is the General's advice to his elder daughter, when he is about to leave England on a distant expedition:—

"Be not rash, my beloved child, in the choice of a future husband. Your mind is not formed like Harriet's, which can change upon the first turning of the wind. If you ever truly love, it will be a lasting passion, and upon it will hang all the tissue of your future years. Choose not lightly then, my Emma; but keep so strict a watch over passion, as to allow your good sense to have its proper weight in the decision. Neither your aunt, nor I, will ever oppose your reasonable wishes upon this subject; we may assist your judgment by our advice, but will never attempt to control you in a point in which you alone ought to be the judge. I would rather, I own, find you free on my return; but if you should meet with an amiable young man, of whom your aunt approves, I do not restrict you from seeing him, nor from entering into any engagement with him, provided always that it has her sanction. Without that essential justification, you will both offend and grieve me beyond what I can well tell you; but I have no fear on this account: my Emma both loves and esteems her father, and will not break his heart, if she can help it. God bless you, my love! we must now part."

These passages sufficiently justify the commendation we have bestowed on the tale; but we must add, that the characters are well managed throughout. The General's, in particular, is extremely well portrayed, and forms equally an excellent model, of a *father*, a *friend*, and a *gentleman*. Emma, the eldest of his offspring, is a truly amiable portraiture of a good daughter; we cannot pass a higher compliment on her than by saying, her conduct is worthy of imitation in real life. Harriet, the younger of the two, is

quite the reverse of her sister, and the lesson which may be derived from her behaviour is, to respect and value our real friends, and to avoid the snares of the flattering and designing part of mankind we may chance to meet with; for if we compare the conduct and motives of the wise and virtuous, with those of the silly and selfish, we shall be able to distinguish and appreciate the more estimable members of society. The third story, *The Chateau of La Vendée*, is a narrative of the anxieties and troubles of a French family during the Revolution. This is a narrative of deeper interest, bordering on the romantic, yet unfortunately too like the real events of a recent period. On an impartial survey of the whole, we recommend these volumes to our fair countrywomen with confidence and pleasure, as they are calculated to excite the best feelings of our nature: their maxims are sound, and the language is pure and excellent.

THE WOMAN OF GENIUS. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman.

OF *The Woman of Genius* it would scarcely be possible to speak too highly. The sentiments are beautifully just, the style nervous and eloquent, the characters admirably delineated, and the whole book most interesting; and we cannot sufficiently commend that *just taste*, as well as true piety, whereby Edith is led to seek her consolations and highest enjoyments in Christianity. The religion of this beautiful work is admirably *managed*, if we may be allowed the expression; it is evident throughout the volumes, but never obtruded, excepting in the solitary case of the heroine explaining her own character and disposition, pursuits and pleasures, to a very intimate friend; then it comes from her lips both naturally and beautifully. We would willingly make extracts in support of our assertions, but that we should be at a loss in selecting the *best specimen* from that which is so excellent throughout; we therefore refer our readers to *The Woman of Genius* herself, recommending to the young more especially the admirable self-respect of the heroine.

REVIEW, BY JAMES SMITH, Esq.*

A NEW SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC COOKERY, formed upon principles of Economy, and adapted to the Use of private Families. By a Lady. A new edition, corrected. London, printed for John Murray, Fleet-street; J. Harding, St. James's-street; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

THE three booksellers to whom the world is indebted for this ingenious treatise on the art of eating and drinking, could not have been more happily marshalled by a King at Arms than they are in the title-page of this work. Mr. John Murray lives within the City walls, and is upon that account *positively* the best judge of cookery. Mr. J. Harding, of a more courtly residence, may *comparitively* possess some knowledge of the subject; but Messrs. A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, must be pronounced by all impartial judges *superlatively* unfit to give evidence in the cause. A work which treats of oyster-patties, green-peas, ratafia-cream, and London-syllabub, must be as much "a sealed book," to our Scottish neighbours, as that northern luminary Allan Ramsay is to us darkling natives of the south. The only effect which it can produce in the shop window of the aforesaid A. Constable and Co. is, to quicken their countrymen in their journey southward, (like hay before a horse's nose in Ireland) and thus to overcome that bashful repugnance to visiting England which has ever been the characteristic of a North Briton. But as a striking title is half the battle, ought not our authoress, in policy, to have entitled her book "The Belly and the Members," and dedicated it to our representatives in Parliament? This would have established her fame in a moment, and consigned old Menenius Agrippa's fable, of that name, to merited oblivion. The great object of the great mass of mankind, *docti indoctique*, is to eat. From the savage of Terra del Fuego, whose food is worms

* We have been allowed the privilege of inserting this admirable paper, and we beg leave to return our sincere acknowledgments to our distinguished correspondent for the favor. Mr. Smith is well known as one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses."

extracted from decayed wood, to the Peripatetic of Bond-street, who, having performed the duties of the morning, regales on turtle and iced Champagne, and while he picks his teeth, eyes with disdain the ignoble herd through the green lattices of Stevens's hotel, it may be stated as an indisputable fact, that man is a cooking animal, and increases in civilization in proportion to the beauty and variety of the produce of his saucepans. The degeneracy of the Jew may, upon this principle, be fairly ascribed to the train-oil that meanders through his viands. The debased condition of the negro may safely be imputed to the yams and cassava which he dignifies with the name of dinner; and what political efforts can this country ever expect from the Dutch, when we reflect, that they jumble bacon, butter, and milk, in the same dish, and feed upon cheeses, which can only be compared to cannon-balls impregnated with salt. Homer's poetical proser, old Nestor, considered man a cooking animal; so thought the renowned James Boswell, that twinkling star in the great belt of the Saturnine moralist; and the observation enabled Mr. Burke to account for the old proverb—"There's reason in roasting of eggs." With this great truth in view, how much obliged ought the public to feel to a lady, who, instead of inditing sonnets to the moon, and feeding the mind of her readers, through the medium of the Minerva-press, has preferred the more laudable pursuit of catering for the stomach, and has produced a work at which the Hannah Glasses and the Farleys may hide their diminished larders. Half an author's merit arises from the choice of his subject. A new system of religion was out of the question; no sober man now thinks of going any where except to the Tabernacle; and systems of politics are as shifting as the sands of Scamander under the foot of Achilles. An improved treatise on music and dancing, might, indeed, have made many proselytes in this fiddling and jumping age; yet still the deaf and the gouty would not have become purchasers. But a new System of Cookery, embracing all the contents of the table-cloth, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, is universally and perpetually interesting. When a superannuated general is "fighting his battles o'er again," and in his narrative cuts off the wing of an army, one is apt to yawn. How different the sensation if he is cutting off the wing of

a wild fowl! John, Duke of Argyle, was a great man in his day; he is now *hors de combat* in Westminster Abbey; and I entreat the noble family of Campbell to reflect, that the Argyle which saves gravy from coagulating, is the golden urn which shall long preserve the ashes of their illustrious house from oblivion. The Duke is now cold, but our gravy is hot. Who does not remember Queen Catharine's character of Cardinal Wolsey?

He was a man

Of an *unbounded stomach*, ever ranking

Himself with princes.

My interpretation of this passage, with all due deference to Mr. Douce, is, that he was a man who gave excellent dinners. Allow me this, and the enigma of his "ranking himself with princes" is instantly solved. We will not, however multiply cases to prove a self-evident proposition; but proceed to the work under review; which is introduced by an advertisement, wherein we are informed, that "the following directions were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table." But the young ladies, I suppose, being unable to decypher their mama's cramp manuscript, or, as puddings and pies were the subjects of her pen, "obliged by hunger and request of friends," she has consented to roll into the world in the puff-paste shape of a duodecimo. "How rarely," exclaims the authoress, in a pathetic tone, "do we meet with fine melted butter!" This calamity was not overlooked by our immortal bard, whose Moor of Venice bewails his want of that article with tears:—

"Unus'd to the *melting mood*,

Dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gums."

And now, reader, having dispatched the advertisement, we enter into the vestibule of the temple, the Preface, consisting of "Miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family." It is a good old custom with the race that write to consider the topic under their immediate discussion, as the most important subject of inquiry that can agitate the feelings of man. Mrs. Barbauld promotes Richardson without any remorse over the head of Fielding; and Mr. Holey

would fain make his mole-hill Cowper overtop mount Milton. If an author does not appear in earnest, it is all over with him. "How the deuce can you expect me to grieve," says Horace, "if you don't appear to grieve yourself?" The authoress of domestic cookery was aware of this rule, when she introduced her miscellaneous observations with a sentence which the hero of Bolt-court himself might not have blushed to pen: "In every rank those deserve the greatest praise who best acquit themselves of the duties which their station requires. Indeed, this line of conduct is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, if we would maintain the dignity of our own characters as rational beings."

When I had proceeded thus far, I hastily turned the leaves, fearing that I had by mistake dipped into the Rambler; but happening to light upon a green-goose pie, and knowing that the sage had never discussed that topic, I returned to the preface. Our heroine of jams and jellies thus proceeds—

"In the variety of female acquirements, though domestic occupations stand not so high as they formerly did, yet when neglected, they produce much *human misery*," [here sighs a jar!] "There was a time, when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns;" [here a goose-pie talks!] "but in the present day, there are many who know nothing *about* them."

Ah! madam, this is a sober truth, though epigrammatically expressed; but, under favor, is it not something like the convicted cook, in the fragment of the Greek comic poet, Straton, who says to his master—

"What! I speak as Homer does;
And sure a cook may use like privilege,
And more than a blind poet."

But mark the surly master's answer—

"Not with me.
I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house;
So pray discharge yourself."

The Lady Bountifuls, have, I confess, quitted the stage, and the Lady Townleys reign in their stead. Who now is so brutal as to expect, that those delicate fingers, which, when employed on the piano-forte, emulate in whiteness the keys they rattle, shall be degraded to crack the claw of a lobster, or squeeze reluctant pickles into a jar? Even in

the days of Pope, it was one of the many subjects of complaint of that irritable bard, that

"Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays."

And though in the sixty-four years which have elapsed since his death, our wives may have changed their course of reading, yet it may be doubted whether they are a whit more wedded to the kitchen than heretofore. The German Mrs. Haller is represented in a mob-cap with a bunch of keys at her girdle, the keeper of the Paradise of pastry; but Mrs. Siddons decorates that frail lady with long drapery and a yellow muslin turban.

Fashion, however, will do much: as our authoress's domestic Cookery is universally read, let us hope that the modes of life will change, and that it will be as much the rage to stay at home to save money, as it is now to go abroad to spend it.

Our fair purveyor of patty-pans is gifted with that variety of style, which, like her own recipes, is calculated to please all palates.

"Milton's strong pinions now not heaven can bound,

Now, serpent like, in prose he sweeps the ground."

She informs us, that "to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world, to be his enlightened companion and the chosen friend of his heart; these, these are woman's duties;" and adds in the same breath, "candles made in cool weather are best."

The reader is no sooner apprised that, "a pious woman will build up her house before God," than he is told, "the price of starch depends upon that of flour." Talents here find themselves placed in the same sentence with treacle; custards are coupled with conjugal felicity, and moral duties with macaroni. This obliquity of pen, "one eye on earth, the other fixed on heaven," is the only sure mode of pleasing all readers. It forms the general hill and dale of style, and when bounded by a modern meadow of margin, bids fair to circulate through ten editions.

And now, reader, prepare yourself for a lecture on carving. "Some people," says our authoress, "*haggle* meat so much as not to be able to help half a dozen persons decently from a large tongue or surloin of beef; and the *dish* goes away with the appearance of having been gnawed by the dogs." Most dogs that have come under my cognizance

would be better pleased to gnaw the *meat* than the *dish*; but putting that aside, it must be allowed to be a monstrous thing for the seventh expectant to be watching for a slice from a surloin which is destined to be wasted on six persons! Our lady, however, must, in this instance, be considered as rather hypercritical, few persons being so uninitiated in the mysteries of the blade as to be unable to carve a tongue or a surloin: but to be placed opposite to a pig, a goose, or a hare, and to possess no more skill in the art than the executioner of the Duke of Monmouth, is, indeed, one of the miseries of human life. I most sincerely wish I could transplant these dainties to the pages of this review; but since that cannot be, let me at least do all that I can by extracting the rules for dissecting them:—

“Sucking-pig.—The cook usually decorates the body before it is sent to table, and garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears,” if she do not, she deserves to lose her own ears. “The first thing is to separate a shoulder from the carcase on one side, and then a leg, according to the directions given by the dotted line, *a, b, c*. The ribs are then to be divided into about *two helpings*, and an ear or a jaw presented with them, and PLENTY OF SAUCE. The joints may be either divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them. The ribs are reckoned the finest part; but some people prefer the neck-end between the shoulders.” Here is a difference of opinion between all people and some people, which is left to the arbitration of other people.

“Goose.—Cut off the apron in the circular line *a, b, c*, in the figure opposite the last page, and pour into the body a glass of Port wine and a large tea-spoonful of mustard, first mixed at the side-board. Turn the neck of the goose towards you, and cut the whole breast in long slices from one wing to another; but only remove them as you help each person, unless the company is so large as to require the legs likewise.” And if the eaters are so many, woe betide the goose, there will be nothing left of it for the next day. “This way gives more prime bits than by making wings. Take off the leg by putting the fork into the small end of the bone, passing it to the body, and having passed the knife at *d*, turn the leg back, and if a young bird, it will easily separate.” Let our army and navy surgeons take notice, that this instruction is not meant for them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR MARCH, 1822.

THE political, domestic, and foreign affairs are at present so unusually dull, that it is with difficulty, small as the space is that we allot for such purposes, to collect matter which appears to us as bearing sufficient general interest to commit to paper; we are, however, happy in the first instance, to understand that our Gracious Sovereign is in excellent health; he takes occasional rides in the environs of Brighton in an open landau in the course of the afternoon, dines rather early, and in the evening has in general small select parties, frequently enlivened by music, of which his Majesty is a very great admirer, and has an excellent ear. We are given to understand from an authority that appears to us unquestionable, that the King of Denmark is to be complimented with the illustrious order of the Garter; Sir George Naylor is honored with this important mission. What return his Danish Majesty is to make to this mark of British distinction, we cannot so clearly state; report says, that the acknowledgement is to come to this land in the beauteous form of a royal bride; the Paris papers give a paragraph without hesitation as corroborating the latter intelligence, but we have not the temerity to be more explicit at present. The presenting of Lord Frederick Conyngham with the appointments held by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield has given rise to much observation, and many reports now circulated are, no doubt, erroneous. Scandal and gross satire gain no admission to our pages; and we have every reason to believe, that Sir Benjamin retires in the full possession of his Majesty's esteem, and satisfied with the royal munificence that has been shewn in consideration of his long and faithful services, to the enjoyment of the sweets of domestic life, sensible that the career of a courtier has critical points. The decease of Thomas Coutts, Esq. the banker, who died on the 8th of March, at his house, Strutton-street, Piccadilly, has left his relict, (late Miss Mellon of Covent-garden Theatre, and his second wife,) the wealthiest widow in the united kingdom without exception. Her pro-

perty in personals, nine hundred thousand pounds in money, a half share in the Strand banking-house, and other funds in which that lady has an interest, are valued at little less than three millions. Mrs. Coutts' name is the only one mentioned in the will as sole legatee. This, at first view, appears singular and unjust, but we have been informed it was done by the late Mr. Coutts, to save to his family the immense sum that would otherwise be claimed by the Government as legacy duty, which, by this step is avoided.—Mrs. Coutts had his previous instructions as to bequests, &c. and though the property is willed to her own disposal and without restriction, he placed the most implicit confidence in her honor and integrity, that his posthumous wishes would be carried into effect; some of them are reported to have been already realized. Mr. Coutts has left three daughters—the Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Guilford and Lady Burdett; each of these ladies received at the time of their respective marriages, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds for a portion; the two last were present at their father's decease, but the Marchioness is in Italy for the benefit of her health. Mr. Coutts had entered his eighty-seventh year at the time of his decease; he was related by the maternal side to the Dundonald family, and his father was a banker in the city of Edinburgh; the wealth of the latter was much talked of there in his day, but it appears on comparison, that his receipts for a year, never equalled those of a single week in his son's establishment. It was commenced in the same house wherein the extensive concern is now conducted by the elder brother of the late possessor. Mr. Thomas Coutts was originally a ship-broker, till admitted as a junior partner in the bank. He offended that brother by a marriage with one of his female domestics, whose comely person and engaging manners interested a heart that sought more for domestic affection and similarity of disposition than rank or fortune in a wife. This lady was the mother of his children, and attained a venerable age; her amiable manners reconciled Mr. James Coutts to the union, and at his decease, he bequeathed the whole of his immense property to his brother.

We are concerned to state, that some disturbances, but not of a very serious nature, have agitated, during the last month,

several of the counties in England, particularly Norfolk and Suffolk: the outrages have been chiefly confined to the destruction of drills and thrashing machines; but we do not apprehend any serious result, and though the agriculturists are at present suffering, there is reason to look forward to an improvement in their interest, as well as to the other branches of the community on an extensive scale, for there is sufficient stamina in the British Constitution to carry it safely through greater difficulties than it at present has to contend with. Accounts from Ireland are more favourable as to the tranquillity of that nation. The Insurrection Act probably tends to this effect; and we are happy to observe a well-judged clemency has been extended to several persons convicted under it, which we trust will aid towards a conciliation. We are happy to announce that Scotland is rapidly improving in the sale of her manufactures, for which there is a very brisk demand.

The Parisian papers contain no intelligence of particular interest; some commotions have been excited amongst the populace by the preaching of some bigotted missionaries, and a conspiracy is mentioned to have been timely discovered which had the overthrow of the present French government for its primary object; the half-pay officers are stated to have taken an active part in the treacherous design; several of them have been placed under an arrest, and others have fled the kingdom. A transient alarm is stated to have taken place at Channy (Aisne) by the sounding of the tocsin; the people repaired to the church in great trepidation and numbers, where they arrested a man, who in answer to their questions described himself to be a dancing master, who had just arrived from Paris, and said, he had sounded the tocsin to assemble his comrades together; in fact, they perceived several men near the place of suspicious appearance, and very meanly clad, who on being pursued by the National guards, fled with precipitation into the adjacent woods; a party of the cuirassiers and another of gendarmes were ordered out in pursuit of the miscreants. Four persons have been arrested who were on the point of leaving the kingdom.

Advices of a very recent date have arrived in town from Corinth; they mention the arrival of the Turkish fleet (in all

seventy vessels) at Patras, where they had landed twelve thousand men; and all doubts and incertitude are now removed as to the fate of Ali Pacha, who has fallen into the hands of Churschid Pacha, the Turkish general commanding the forces before Joannina, by whose orders he has suffered decapitation, and his head has been sent to Constantinople. This melancholy event is indeed a most fatal one for the Greek cause, as the army of Churschid Pacha is calculated at twenty thousand men, who would thus be placed at full liberty to pursue their operations in the Morea. Another division of the Turkish army of nearly equal force under the command of the Pacha of Salonica, by whom the surrender of Cassandra and the convention of the Greeks at Mount Athos had been affected, are also understood to be marching to the same destination; and in that case the Greeks in the Morea will be opposed by a mighty force. Of the movements, or actual strength of the latter by land, we have received no accounts that can be relied on with any confidence. By the Admiral Cockburn, from Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro to Dartmouth, letters have been received, dated the nineteenth of January; they are very important as indicating a decided spirit of determination in both these provinces to become independent of Portugal. It appears that on the arrival of the order of the Cortes at the latter place from Lisbon, serious discontent pervaded all classes of persons, and a remonstrance was presented to the Prince Royal, representing the evils that would ensue from his departure, and intreating him to remain. It was delivered in solemn procession. The prince, whatever might be his real sentiments, appears to have had no alternative but to comply: illuminations and rejoicings followed his assent. The movements of the Portuguese troops, however, soon created an alarm, and the Brazillians mustered in great numbers. An engagement seemed inevitable, when the Portuguese, perceiving the resolution of their opponents, hesitated, and a negociation took place which prevented the effusion of blood; the Portuguese gave up their arms, and were conveyed with a strong guard to the opposite side of the bay till the ships could be got in readiness to convey them to Europe. Several of them have since deserted, from a wish of remaining in Brazil as private citizens. At Pernambuco a meeting had also taken place, at which the Por-

tuguese soldiers were deemed unnecessary incumbrances, and nearly the same arrangements had taken place. Long before this the troops must have embarked; nothing was likely to impede their progress, but the arrival of a Portuguese ship of war that lay in the harbour; this, however, seems scarce probable from the measures resorted to, and the Prince has yielded to all they ask. As the removal of the troops from both these places takes away all restraint from the Brazillians, a declaration of their independance, which it has long been their wish to obtain, becomes very probable. It is known that other troops have been embarked at Lisbon destined for the Brazils; but as we believe they did not sail before the middle of January, they would arrive too late to bring about any material change in favour of the mother country, their force would also prove very inadequate to such an undertaking.

Fine Arts, &c.—A statue is to be erected to the memory of his late venerable Majesty George the Third, in St. James's park; the scite marked out for its position is at the back of the Admiralty.—It is now under the chissel of Mr. Chauntry, the sculptor, who so ably executed the one that dignifies the Council-chamber in Guildhall. Mr. C. has been honored with commands from a high authority to spare no expence in the completion of the undertaking. An equestrian statue of his present Majesty by subscription of the loyal inhabitants of Brighton, will shortly adorn a conspicuous spot in that place; a magnificent sum has flowed in for this desirable purpose.

Messrs. Barker and Burford's Panorama of Greece, now exhibiting to the public, is a splendid specimen of the art; the objects are at once interesting to the mind of a spectator, as being the seat of war, and from its very near approach to nature. Indeed we found the delusion so powerful as to lead us in our vacant visit into a temporary forgetfulness that we were not gazing on reality. We next visited the destruction of Parga; this beautiful picture represents the abandoning of that devoted city by its inhabitants, and we do not hesitate in pronouncing this additional effort one of the happiest of those eminent artists so well known to the public as J. and G. Foggo.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS elegant establishment has produced no novelty during the last month; but some of its best operas and ballets have been judiciously presented. "Le Turco in Italia," and "Le Nozze di Figaro," always attract brilliant audiences. The masquerade at this house was but thinly attended. This species of amusement was never very palatable to the British taste, and is now less congenial than ever.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MACKLIN's satirical comedy of the Man of the World, has been repeated several times at this theatre during the month for the purpose of introducing Mr. Kean, as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant; a hazardous experiment; nor has it proved a very fortunate one. From the decease of its author, who represented that character, till Cooke trod the boards, this comedy remained in obedience: occasionally some adventurous Scotch actor amused the town with a version of sharp sounds, if he could do no more; still the play was little more than a dead letter, and as such, notwithstanding the powerful genius of Mr. Kean, it appears likely to remain. It is evident that the studies of a language to which that gentleman has been so little accustomed, must be painful to him, for we repeatedly observed him about to give way to his own natural feelings, and present us with Sir Pertinax in plain English, till recollection flashed across his mind, and checked the error of his tongue. Sir Pertinax is by turns the tyrant and the slave; he makes all the better feelings and passions bow to the golden shrine of interest; and Mr. Kean was most happy in those portions of the character wherein disappointed ambition calls forth the anger of the venal politician. His best scene is, when his son Egerton declares that he cannot become the husband of Lady Rodolpha; and his next in excellence, the concluding one; yet in both he seemed to forget the Scotchman, and was more the incensed

Sir Giles Overreach with a very faint tincture of comic coloring. In describing the cringing propensities of Sir Pertinax, Mr. Kean fails; there is a constraint in his manner quite at variance with the thirty-five years' apprenticeship he had paid to the tools of corruption. He boo'd and boo'd by the instinct of interest; but Mr. Kean scarce "boo'd" at all, and when he did, it was with a stiff air that would more have become Lord Lumbercourt; and with respect to his accent, it is any thing but true Scotch, and he gives it in a tiresome monotonous drawl. Miss S. Booth threw a great deal of spirit into the part of Lady Rodolpha, and, indeed, would have passed very well for one of that nation "famed for songs and beauty's charms." Mr. Cooper performed the part of Egerton in a very correct and gentleman-like manner. The political satire, with which this comedy abounds, had the effect of calling forth loud and repeated plaudits, particularly from the upper part of the house.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MONTROSE; or, *The Children of the Mist*, has had, and still continues, a successful career; and *The School for Scandal* has been performed, Charles Surface being most ably personated by Mr. C. Kemble, whose first appearance this season met with a flattering reception from the audience, who were numerous attracted by the previous announcement in the bills of the day.

We understand Mr. Liston quits this theatre at the expiration of the season, having entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Haymarket for a period of five years.

Mr. Bochsa has rendered the Lent concerts quite a different species of amusement to the oratorios of late years, and the whole arrangement reflects great praise on the abilities and discrimination of this gentleman.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MR. MATHEWS once more appears successfully at this theatre, with a new entertainment divided into three parts,

displaying an history, as this gentleman informs us, of the exploits of his own younger days. This affords a wide field for the introduction of several characters and the relation of a number of whimsical anecdotes which have occurred within his own knowledge; and of these he takes advantage to indulge his audience with an interesting and well-connected narrative. It is, as is usual in Mr. Mathews's productions, thickly interspersed with jests and puns; some are excellent, and others stale and flimsy; but the chief merit of the entertainment is the force with which this unrivalled imitator seizes and portrays the peculiarities of those characters of note with which he has come in contact in the course of his adventurous life: his pictures of Wilkes, Macklin, and others, are highly finished. A French ballet-master, and a steward at a public dinner in a gentle state of elevation, are also given with much humour. The songs are appropriated to the characters and stories, and are truly comic.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Pirate is for the present laid aside, and we believe will not make his formidable appearance again on this stage till after the ensuing recess has terminated. The splendid representation of Timour the Tarter has appeared in its stead, accompanied by the popular burlesque tragic opera, called Love, Revenge, Destruction, and Death; or, Bombastes Furioso. Several additions have been made to this eccentric piece of an equestrian nature, which afford much entertainment to the admirers of these sort of spectacles. A hornpipe is danced by the Champion's celebrated charger, and a band of asses are introduced, who go through a variety of military evolutions of the ludicrous and whimsical order. We hear that the management of this theatre is transferred to the hands of Mr. Watkin Burroughs, who has undertaken the concern for the next season, as a trial one, previous to the forming or the declining the making it a more permanent undertaking as far as his interest in it may lay.

f the
field
on of
within
o in-
ected
ions,
llent,
e en-
tator
rs of
e of
and
and
tion,
opro-
ic.

lieve
tage
ndid
ead,
alled
Fu-
ntric
tain-
pipe
band
mili-
We
d to
ken
as to
ma-





Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for April

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edmund Street, Portman Square &c.

Pub. April 1. 1822, by Dean & Monday, Threadneedle Street.

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1822.

WALKING-DRESS

COMPOSED of puce *gros de Naples* made low, with a sars-net tippet half-high over the shoulders, finished with face-puffings of the same, continued round the back and points, and confined to the waist with a broad band; the ruffles of the sleeve to correspond: the bottom of the skirt ornamented with satin folds, and decorated with festoons of the same, each festoon confined with narrow bands of corded or piped satin.—A bonnet composed of undressed crape to correspond with the color of the dress, finished with satin pipings round the edge of the brim, and a broad puffing of the same material, fan fashion, on each side of the crown.—A small sky-blue reticule, with shoes to correspond, and pale straw-colored gloves.

EVENING DRESS,

COMPOSED of black silk velvet; the body low: stomacher-front, formed with strings of small pearl, wide on the top and brought to a narrow point in the centre: the sleeve short, very full, and elegantly finished with the same ornaments, forming diamonds, each division fastened with a larger pearl round the bust and sleeve; a broad fall of blond lace; the skirt finished at the hem with the same, surmounted in novel and fanciful festoon trimming composed of the large oriental pearl, placed at separate divisions and brought to a point with a small rosette or star.—White satin shoes and kid gloves. Head-dress—fall-curls, with a small cluster of roses confined in the curls, and completed with a *negligée* of blond

lace tied under the chin.—A white cachmire shawl with a narrow variegated border, carelessly thrown over the shoulders. Ornaments of pearl to correspond with the dress.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THERE is little variety in the promenade dresses, this month being always the dullest in the year for fashionable novelties, preparatory to the bringing out the Spring fashions; however, we have been favored with a sight of a few dresses, which we shall endeavour to describe:

The first is a full evening dress, composed of pink satin, fastened round the bottom with steel ornaments; short full sleeves with plain bands, and fastened up with steel ornaments to correspond with the bottom. Corsage plain, edged with *rouleaux*, or folds; the skirt is gored considerably, and the fulness thrown to the back. A pink satin sash, with the ends nearly touching the bottom, finishes this tasteful dress.

The next is a walking-dress composed of dark Waterloo blue *gros de Naples*, with bands of satin fastened with steel ornaments.—The body is high; the waist rather long than otherwise; the back plain, and cut narrow at the bottom; the collar, plain and high at the back of the neck, turned over and edged with satin. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

A pelisse composed of blue or pink *gros de Naples*: it is trimmed with plush or white ermine, fastened down the front with steel ornaments. The sleeves are full and fastened across with steel ornaments at equal distances; the back quite plain, with a plain collar to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

At Mrs. BLUNDELL's, of Ludgate-street, we have been politely shown the following

WALKING DRESS

of Saxon blue levantine:—bottom, flat trimming in the form of leaves composed of satin; skirt, cut very full, and the seams much gored, with a cord covered with satin let in each. Body high; the back full at the waist, and spreading to the shoulders in the form of a fan; seams of ditto corded to

match the skirt. Collar to roll over and cut square at the ends. Waist of a moderate length; fronts cut light to the shape: a broad band with a Paris knot behind, and a steel clasp in the centre. Shoes and gloves of the same color.

Bonnet of French white *gros de Naples*, (cottage shape), very small in front, a little cut out in the centre, and lined with a blue and French white Parisian moss turned over the edge; round the bottom of the crown is a handsome trimming of *gros de Naples* and blue satin; long, round, uncurled white feathers, tipped with blue, drooping on each side, and a handsome bow bound with blue, with steel tassels at the ends, placed in the centre of the bonnet: strings, of *gros de Naples*, bound with blue, and steel tassels at the ends.

EVENING DRESS.

A figured blond over pink satin; at the bottom of the skirt are two rows of white satin points edged round with pink blond, and a rouleau of pink satin twisted with pearls above. The corsage of white satin, with a silk net stomacher, ornamented with a white satin spray edged with pink; the back very narrow at the bottom, and trimmed the same as the front, tight, and laced up behind; round the top a trimming of pink piping edged with pearls and a handsome blond. Sleeve of silk net, with several narrow straps edged with pink, two leaves finishing each, drawn together with pearls; the bottom of the sleeve finished with a broad band of pearls and narrow points of white satin edged with pink and trimmed with blond. White satin shoes, bound and trimmed with pink. Head-dresses of all kinds worn very low.

The above highly-respectable lady has promised us a description of a very elegant dress for next month, with such other novelties as will no doubt prove highly acceptable to our fair readers. In short, we are determined to make this portion of our work worthy of the distinguished reputation it has so long enjoyed.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

We have to remark, among our Parisian *belles* this month, a ball dress, of a glossy rose-colored crape, with a *rouleau* of rose satin wadded with cotton; above this *rouleau* are

large lozenges in *rouleaux* of unwadded satin. Three inches higher up are two *rouleaux* of unwadded satin in a serpentine direction. In the hollow of each festoon, is a bouquet composed of tube-roses, roses without leaves, and silver wheat-ears. The sleeves, which are very short and puffing, are trimmed with *rouleaux* and bouquets, corresponding with the bottom of the dress. The *corsage* is thick with smooth folds, and an under-dress of rose satin. At the bottom of this under-dress is a serpentine *rouleau* wadded with cotton. Head-dress in flowers, and a bouquet on the side, similar to the trimming of the robe.

Among the cachmires which have recently figured in the promenade of the Thuilleries, we have to cite a white cachmire with large palm-branches, composed of blue flowers of the most perfect execution. On the ground, at a distance of four inches from each other, are some extremely light serpentine branches, which present the same flowers. In the centre of some of these flowers, is an orange-colored point. The stems consist of two shades of very beautiful green.

A black cachmire dress, however, was still more admired, consisting of two rows of palm-branches of glaring colors. The *corsage*, sheaved before and behind, was cut into an oval, and trimmed with a cachmire border. Similar borders were placed at the end of the sleeves. A cachmire of a beautiful white completed this elegant toilette.

In some of the *magasins* are to be seen bonnets of a citron color, recently made; but in the promenades, the most elegant ladies still wear black bonnets, with plumes of white ostrich feathers. Some bonnets of black velvet have a large double or triple knot, the ends of which are terminated by elegant gold tassels.

In the promenades, although the temperature is mild, we see a greater quantity of furs than ordinary. The *corsage* of the robes trimmed with fur is tight and pinches the shape, as if it were a ball costume.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ODE TO A TUNE ON THE FIDDLE.

BY T. B. G.

Ye critics say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style.

Prior.

BAIRN of vibration, pleasant tune !
That entering many a beauty's ears,
Dost softly fill her mind, and soon
With thoughts of capering peers,
Banish'd is every woe by thee,
And, lo ! instead, love, grace, and glee,
With arms entwin'd advance ;
As blithely on they lead the fair,
With livelier bloom and lovelier air,
To weave the mazy dance.

Idle is now the fiddler's paw,
The piper's lips repose,
And lovely backs with grand eclat
Display the blushing rose ;
With eager smile, and thirsty lips,
In joy the panting beauty sips
Her warm and fragrant tea ;
To nymphs before and youths behind
She nods ; but still, methinks, her mind,
Sweet tune ! is fix'd on thee.

Again I hear the fiddler wake
Thy heel-enlivening air,
Again I see the fair forsake
Her youth-encircled chair ;
Yes, drawn again by challenge sweet
To leave her nonsense-circled seat,

In glorious files array'd,
With bridling neck, or waving fan,
I see each maiden face her man,
Or dandy, undismay'd.

I know not what thy name may be,
My dancing days are done!
Alas! the soldier's joy to me,
And German waltz are one;
But these are tunes of ancient date,
By me remember'd and my mate,
To meet my juniors' scorn,
And time may be, my tune so new,
When thus, my boys may speak of you
To beauties yet unborn.

Methinks I see with mental gaze,
A few short winters fled,
And maids that now repeat thy praise,
To cards by lucre led;
Heedless of every lively sound,
I see them fix'd green boards around,
Intent, with brows of care;
Their forms no youthful hearts adore,
Their eyes with bliss are bright no more,
Their backs no longer bare.

Sweet tune, adieu! a magic power
Is blended with thy sound,
That makes e'en in this later hour
My feet thus pat the ground;
Though never more with young delight,
Shall I, as erst, a lady bright
In circling dances lead;
Yet when I view these nymphs so fair,
I can but think of times that were,
And scenes that may succeed.

VERSES.

'Tis true, tis true, the winter winds
Are blowing loud and cheerless,
But if you felt a love like mine,
Your bosom would be fearless.

'Tis true the snaw may show the track,
We'll follow through Glengarry;
But if you felt sic love as mine,
You would nae wish to tarry.

For what are winter's snaws or rains,
Or winter's winds sae dreary?
When we are wi' the ane we loe,
The mirkest night seems cheery.

An' think nae you that I would brave
The storm howe'er sae bauld, love,
That gentle form one moment's space
Within my arms to fauld, love.

Then dinna speak again o' fear,
But say for me you care nae,
The lass that truly kens to love,
Ne'er kent the words—I dare nae.

GENEVIEVE.

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILLOPO DE LA VEGA.

//////
BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.
//////

WHILST on thy cheek the rose and lily grow,
And whilst that soft sublimity of eye
Diffuseth peace o'er earth, and sea, and sky—
Whilst the winds rustling round that neck of snow,
Move, scatter, and disorder, as they flow,
'Those tendril tresses, which light-glittering fly
Like pure gold, taken from the mines that lie
Embosom'd in the hills of Mexico—
Oh! pluck the bright flowers of thy laughing spring,
Before time loads with frost that beauteous head!
The cutting blasts that come on piercing wing,
Will fade thy roses, or their sweet leaves shed;
While all deforming o'er thy form will range
The ivy dark of age, that knows not change.

AN ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY MR. ARTHUR LEE, AND SPOKEN BY MR. BROWN, AT
A PIC-NIC ENTERTAINMENT; THE RECEIPTS OF WHICH WERE AP-
PROPRIATED TO A FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WIDOW OF
CAPTAIN BURROWS, WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE WRECK OF THE
LARK SLOOP, OFF WHITSTABLE.

In *charity's* bless'd cause we plead again,
Where *want* and *wretchedness* ne'er sue in vain ;
To you, *fair* judges, we our *case* submit,
Hoping a friendly *verdict* from the *pit*.

Unhappy Burrows! three brief months ago,
Who could anticipate thy load of woe ?
Then all was joy,—then all around thee smil'd,
Wife, children, friends, thy every hour beguil'd,
Then thy tight vessel through the waters veer'd,
Hope fill her *sails* and fickle *Fortune* steer'd.

Alas! how chang'd! On Whitstable's fell coast,
Ship, *fortune*, *happiness*, and *life*, were lost.

When the stern sea engulph'd his little crew,
The gallant Burrows to his owners true,
Clung with a desperate courage to his bark,
And saw expire Hope's last, faint, glimmering spark :
Who can pourtray that night of grief and woe ;
Or who the anguish of his bosom show,
When the poor Captain, in the rigging high,
Oft pour'd the sad, the unavailing sigh,
And 'mid the din of elemental strife,
Thought of his hapless babes, his hapless wife,
Till his distracted brain could bear no more,
And Heaven, in mercy, bade the strife be o'er.

Yet shall the pledges he has left behind
Find friends like *you*, compassionate and kind,
Who, to their wounded minds shall bring relief,
And ease, at least, a portion of their grief.

Behind, our *want* of *scenes* we must deplore ;
But what a *brilliant scene* we boast *before*:

A scene the painter's mimic art above,
Beaming *benevolence* and looking *love*.

To this bright circle we submit our plan,
Look o'er our faults—applaud us if you can.

Lewes.

A. L.

EPITAPH*.

WHAT profit pedigrees, or long descents,
From farre-fetch'd blood, or painted monuments
Of our great grandsire's visage; 'tis most sad
To trust unto the worth another had
For keeping up our fame, which else would fall,
If besides birth there bee noe worth at all.
For who counts him a gentleman, whose grace
To all in's name, but otherwise is base?
Or who will honour himme that's honour's shame,
Noble in nothing but a noble name?
It's better to be meanly borne and good,
Than one unworthy of his noble blood.
Though all thy walls shine with thy pedigree,
Yet virtue only makes nobility;
Then that this pedigree may useful bee,
Search out the virtues of your family,
And to be worthy of your fathers' name,
Learne out the good they did, and doe the same,
For if you beare their names, and not their fame,
Those ensigns of their worth will be your shame.

SATIETY.

THERE is a time when all the heart desires
Starts up in one broad blaze, and then expires;
When joy, in its own fulness, grows to pain,
And we *must* feel that all we seek is vain;
And oft when least we deem that sense will dart
Its icy chillness to the joyous heart;
For in that moment memory rushes back,
And wanders deeply in the hidden track

* These excellent lines were given to us by a correspondent, on the monument of whose ancestors they are inscribed.

Of years gone by, as idly searching there
 Some half-born bliss from its recess to tear,
 But finds within but bitterness and waste,
 From which the heart would gladly turn to taste
 The bliss it left; but, ah! too soon we find
 E'en that is fled, and nought remains behind
 But vain regrets, as faded leaves are seen
 To mark the spot where roses once have been.

AZIM.

TO MY EXPIRING CANDLE.

I SEE thy task is almost done,
 And soon thou'lt sink into thy grave;
 The parish clock has just struck one,
 So now repose my eyelids crave.

But yet a little longer stay,
 Nor leave me in night's cheerless gloom;
 Just let me on my pillow lay
 My head, and then thyself entomb.

Then o'er thy sepulchre I'll place
 A cover, lest thy spirit rise;
 A pointed monument shall grace
 The tomb where my enlight'ner lies.

An epitaph I will prepare,
 Thy brilliant virtues to display;
 And let those contradict who dare,
 Thy efforts to replace the day.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, concealed from mortal view,
 The bright successor of the sun,
 Who to his duty ever true,
 Expir'd, when all his work was done.

A. C. near Bristol.

AMIRA.

THE VICTIM.

SEE the sportive gaudy fly,
 Mark'd with many a varied dye,
 Swift dart along the stream;

And see its little wings unfold,
Glitt'ring with purple and with gold,
Shedding a lively gleam.

Oh! say what work of art can vie
In beauty with yon sportive fly?

What eye so quick can move,
As yon gay tenant of the air,
That glides along the lake so fair,
With purple wings like love?

But see, the little gaudy fly,
Her wings of gold and purple dye,
That shed such splendid gleam,
Has 'tic'd the tenant of the wave
To snatch her to an early grave,
Beneath the silver stream.

Thus, Nature's brightest beauties' dye,
The most attractive to the eye,
The most in danger move.
Amelia fair, shun gaudy dress;
Your danger will be far the less,
As the fly's fate will prove.

Newington Butts.

J. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

On barren rocks, or fertile dell,
In sunshine bright, or hours of care,
Still Julia can with friendship's spell
Chase the clouds of sad despair.

'Tis friendship kind bestows its smile,
To guide us on our way,
To lighten woe, and grief beguile,
It spreads its cheerful ray.

In joy and sorrow still 'tis true,
It calms the tears that pour,
And brings far other days to view,
Such Julia is—to Theodore.

We dread not Fate's destructive pow'r,
 For nought can friends divide;
 Supremely blest, I'd share each hour
 While Julia's by my side.

How happy now successful love,
 With friendship's charms appear;
 Still to her I'll constant prove,
 To Julia ever dear.

5th January.

ELLA.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following Communications are received—Those of Mrs. T.—,—Fidelia Maria Anne,—J. M. Lacey,—Mrs. H—s,—Mrs. Monteith,—L. Y. R.—,—R. S.—Brighton,—W. G.—n,—** Eton,—Gulielmus,—Annette,—Stanzas on a Rose,—To an early Snowdrop,—The Maniac,—A satire.

If J. P. will have the goodness to look at our number for February 1820; he will find his suggestion unnecessary.

It is impossible to give a decided answer to L. Y. R.—The notice he refers to alludes to *regular* correspondents.—Promiscuous matter is inserted as soon as it can be done with impartiality.

We are extremely sorry to have a letter returned to us as directed to Mr. I. M—it, as he destined,—as we are anxious to continue his correspondence—we beg we may be favoured with an address that will find him.

May we be allowed to ask what is become of N?

We shall be greatly obliged to obliged to R. B. for a continuation of his favour.

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

WE have to return our sincere acknowledgements to our various friends for the many excellent essays they have favored us with. To make a selection is at best an unpleasant task, and in the present it is particularly so—We have now before us the productions of three much esteemed correspondents, and would gladly be excused making a preference to the prejudice of the others; but as this must not be, we must declare Mrs. T.—,—the fortunate competitor, and as such congratulate her on her success. We shall feel pleased at being allowed to insert the essay of R. B. the following month. If we might presume to offer advice, we should say in allusion to the composition of our other correspondent, Miss ***, that its defect consists not so much in the want as in the exuberance of her powers, and we would respectfully remind her that a metaphorical is always a difficult and often a faulty style.

The Essay of A. Hall is excellent, but its extraordinary length rendered it inadmissible. We must not forget to particularize the very respectable productions of Elizabeth—this young lady has made such considerable improvement since we last heard from her, that we augur very favorably of her abilities.—We must say almost as much for her friend.—M. L. also has no occasion to be ashamed of her attempt.





Engraved by W. H. Baskin.

Designed by J. W. Baskin.

Mrs. Coult.

Pub. May 1, 1851, by D. W. Baskin, Threadneedle Street.